

(Continued from Page Twelve.)

# The Castle of Lies

BY ARTHUR HENRY VESEY  
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## CHAPTER XIX.—Continued.

And when she had summoned assistance? When the castle was stormed, as it were, by gendarmes? My own peril would be extreme.

It was hopeless to prevent the inevitable. The rescue of Captain Forbes would be accomplished; my complicity in the intrigues of Dr. Starva and Madame de Varnier would be taken for granted. Expostulations would be useless. My very presence in the chateau would be face evidence of my guilt.

And so I had played my desperate game to no purpose.

To save myself—that was my one thought. Two courses lay before me. Could I make my way to Captain Forbes? Could I effect his release before Helena returned with help? If that were possible, and if I could hastily make my position clear to the king's messenger all might yet be well. At least so far as the establishment of my innocence was concerned. Or I might overtake Helena Brett. To her I might make my confession. And if she were persuaded, not only that I was acting in her interests, but that my plan to clear up Sir Mortimer's disappearance promised success, I might even now be successful.

It was my fear that she would scornfully refuse both to believe my story and to accept my aid that made me hesitate as to this course.

It was Dr. Starva who decided for me.

He had appeared on the terrace below, and he was following Helena Brett.

I had read Captain Forbes's message as well as Helena. Why, then, could there not have been a third person interested in the strange antics of the mirror? And if this surmise were true? If Dr. Starva or Madame de Varnier had read the message? They had not hesitated to use desperate expedients to gain their purpose. Would Dr. Starva hesitate to use means as desperate to prevent Helena from summoning help?

I asked myself this startling question as I took the stairs two at a time to the great hall. The main entrance was locked. For a moment I thought that I was a prisoner in the chateau as well as Captain Forbes. Even now I am not certain that such was not the intention of Madame de Varnier. But Dr. Starva had gained the terrace by a small door close by the spiral staircase. In his haste he had forgotten to lock this door.

Desperate as was my own haste I took the precaution of locking the side door after me and placing the key in my pocket. My reasons for this were vague enough. It was an instinct that prompted me to take the precaution rather than deliberate reflection. But perhaps I might be able to regain the chateau in due time by this side entrance, and none be the wiser. For as far as I knew I had effected my exit unobserved.

In the meanwhile I ran swiftly after Helena and Dr. Starva. I had lost sight of both. I soon came to an end of the promenade. It led directly into the main street of the village. Now that I had gained the village street I looked eagerly about for them. Neither was in sight. I guessed that Helena Brett would make her way as soon as possible to the hotel where she was known. What hotel? That was the question.

I halted an urchin and asked him the name of the best hotel in Alterhoffen. "Oh, the Grand hotel," he answered without hesitation; "that is where all the English lords and American millionaires stay."

Then let him take me hither; I tempted him with a franc.

"Evidently the gentleman is in a hurry."

I assured him that I was, and promised him two francs if I could reach the hotel before a lady whom I was following.

"Then, the gentleman must go by the short cut."

I sped after the urchin down the village street.

This street is one of the most quaint in the whole world. There are two stories of shops on either side. The pavement of the shops below is roofed over; this covered passageway is the pavement for the second series of shops above. I was on the lower pavement, and this explains how I was able to reach a flight of steps, the cut the youngster had promised, before Helena or Dr. Starva.

At the foot of these steps the youngster bolted, assuring me that I should find the hotel when I had reached the top of the flight.

These steps pierced a wall of one of the houses of the village street. The flight was straight for the first 20 or so, then it turned curiously on a little landing at right angles. Here I was in semi-darkness. I groped my way for the continuance of the flight. The first series of steps, I began to see dimly, had ended at a sort of porter's lodge. I learned afterwards that this was a private entrance to the hotel above and that in the glass-covered little room a porter was accustomed to sit.

## UNHEALTHFUL JOBS

Growth of Factory System Produces Increase of Industrial Diseases and Accidents

In an article appearing in Bulletin No. 75 of the Bureau of Labor of the Department of Commerce and Labor, Dr. George M. Kober says that:

"It has long been known that certain trades and occupations are dangerous or injurious to health. The character of the occupation influences to a great extent not only the average

I was still feeling my way cautiously about (for I had not yet seen that the flight of steps was continued at right angles, and the steps were broken and uneven), when the circle of light at the foot of the steps leading into the street was blotted out. At first I hoped it might be Helena. But it was a man, and he was leaping up the steps in desperate haste.

I guessed it to be Dr. Starva. But I had no intention of letting him know that I was following him. I pressed close against the wall to let him pass. To my astonishment he darted into the empty porter's lodge and crouched down in the gloom. I held my breath, watching, hardly an arm's length from where he stood motionless.

Again the circle of light was blotted out. A woman was rapidly ascending the steps. I could hear her catching her breath. It was Helena on her way to the hotel for aid.

And now I am forced to a confession that will deepen the sympathy or contempt felt for me when I related the tragedy at the beginning of my narrative. But I have determined to make myself no hero.

For now again came that curious paralysis of will. Again, as in the tragedy of the Alps, horror robbed me for the moment of power to act instantly. I had caught the glint of

steel. I knew that Helena was doomed unless I hurried myself instantly on the treacherous assassin.

I did indeed fling myself headlong on him, but only after he had fired. There was a crash of shattered glass; the shot of his revolver was still echoing in the stairway as I grappled with him.

It was an unequal struggle. I felt Dr. Starva's hairy hands close about my throat and I was hurled backward.

## CHAPTER XX.

I am Rudely Enlightened.

The force of the blow had stunned me for the moment. Presently I heard Helena calling for help. I struggled to my feet and leaned gasping against the wall.

"Are you much hurt, sir?" she asked in French, in a cool, matter of fact voice. She had not recognized me in the semi-gloom.

"I am not hurt at all," I replied in English. "But I am sorry, Miss Brett, that that villain has made his escape."

"I fancy I heard some one rush after him," she continued, coming to me closer and trying to distinguish my features.

"I am Mr. Haddon," I said, quietly. She repeated the name vaguely.

"The coward," I added.

There was an awkward pause. We began to ascend the second flight of steps.

"I am afraid you are assuming a name to which you have little right," Mr. Haddon, she said gently. "I believe that you saved my life just now."

She extended a white hand in the gloom. There was absolutely nothing of sentimentality in the action. And

for myself, I was cynically unmoved. I received her thanks almost guiltily and a little sullenly.

"I little thought," she continued dreamily, "that you, of all men, would save my life. It savors a good deal of the melodramatic does it not? It is very strange."

"At the best it was a lucky accident," Miss Brett. "Frankly, you are unburied rather because the man was a bad shot than because of any assistance I gave you."

I spoke the words thoughtfully and quite sincerely. I knew only too well that my interference would have been too late had Dr. Starva's aim been more sure. It seemed to me little less than a miracle that Helena Brett should be unharmed. I could take no credit for that myself.

Far from that, I should tell her the absolute truth if I were honest. I would say to her: "On the contrary, I have proved myself to be a coward again—infinitely more so than when Willoughby lost his life. Then I was exhausted, physically powerless. Now I have failed—still by the fatal three seconds—because terror held me spell-bound for the moment. It makes little difference, so far as my courage or cowardice is concerned, that you are living while Willoughby died. In either case I have been equally weak."

That was what I should say to her if I were an honest man.

But I did not. You see I am frank in these confessions. Really, then, I am showing that in this instance I was even a greater coward than before. For then I at least told the truth. I did not conceal from her the hideous word Willoughby had spoken before he died. Now I was concealing from her the fact that I knew I deserved the reproach as keenly.

We had reached the top of the steps. We walked slowly toward the Grand hotel. Helena, I could see, was concerned with her own thoughts as much as was I. For a moment the shock of the accident had made her forget her

brother. If you are her friend, how can you be mine?"

"I have not said that I am her friend," I protested quietly.

"But you are at the chateau." She spoke the words obstinately. That fact was, in her eyes, an unanswerable argument.

"Yes; and I know that Captain Forbes is detained there; I know that he has just signaled to you that fact and has asked you to get help. And now I want you to leave the matter in my hands. I demand that as my right. It is a task I have set myself. Once you said to me that I should save a life for the life that was lost through me."

"You have already made that reputation," Mr. Haddon, she said almost humbly. "Fate has punished me that I should have judged you so hastily and so wrongly."

"No, no!" I spoke in fierce remonstrance. "Will you never be just to me? That was an accident, I tell you."

"I do not like you less that you say so."

It was hopeless to make her understand now. I should have confessed my cowardice sooner if I wished to be believed. She had judged as at Lucerne. And this judgment caused me much the greater pain.

"Listen," I drew her to a garden seat. "A life for a life—that is what you said. But, instead of a life, it was a man's honor that I could save—if it were the honor of your brother?"

Her lips trembled. She leaned toward me in her appeal.

"Oh, you would crush me with the weight of my gratitude. Save my brother's honor, and—"

"I should then stand equal with other men in your respect?"

"Yes," she said faintly, her eyes bright with unshed tears. "We need a friend so much now. We are in such deep distress because of my poor brother. I know of his honor, of his disgrace." Shame blushed her cheeks.

"I know something of it," I said with sympathy. "Tell me, Miss Brett, do I not bear a marked resemblance to your brother?"

"At first sight it is startling," she cried eagerly. "When my mother and I saw you at Lucerne we thought you were he. When we learned that you were with Mr. Willoughby at the time of his death, you can understand how bitterly we resented our disappointment. Forgive me if I am again suspicious, but that I should find you the guest of Madame de Varnier now, at this time—"

"If I am to help you, you must trust me."

"I will. I do."

"Implicitly?"

"Yes."

"Even though circumstances seem utterly against me? Even though I may seem a friend of Madame de Varnier—to be in league with her against you?"

She hesitated. "She is a dangerous woman. If my poor brother has fallen a victim to her horrible beauty—"

"I shall be on my guard," I replied lightly, smiling at her fierce resentment.

"But you will continue to be her guest. Is that wise? How can you effect the release of Captain Forbes if you remain at the chateau?"

"How can I learn the truth concerning your brother, how can I do my utmost to save his honor (if it be not yet too late), unless I remain at the chateau—yes, unless I am on apparent good terms with Madame de Varnier?"

"You are testing my belief in you to the utmost, Mr. Haddon. I suppose you smooth the suspicions of your hostess as readily as you do mine."

She spoke bitterly. And if she found it difficult to trust me now, how much more difficult when she learned, not the whole truth, but a damning half-truth.

"Ah, you are wavering already in the trust you have promised to give me. Great God, you think that it is a pleasant task I have set myself? To smile on this woman, to play the hypocrite, to spy on her when I am her guest, that I may dog her, coax her into telling the truth, that I may entrap her accomplice and herself at the right moment? Miss Brett, I would wash my hands of this ugly business if I had not sworn to endure every calamity and risk of being misunderstood not only by a man like Captain Forbes but by yourself. I tell you that I have not a clear field to carry out my plan—if I fail, or am baffled by some well-meaning intruder, I am a disgraced man. No one will believe my defence—not even you. I may even be dragged to prison as a common felon."

She placed both her hands in mine. "Forgive me. My anxiety is so great. I do trust you. Return to Madame de Varnier, Mr. Haddon. I shall try to be patient. But Captain Forbes, and I do nothing to help him."

"Until this evening, no. You see, I am testing your faith."

I looked at her keenly. She returned my glance with brave assurance.

"If you receive no word, either from Captain Forbes or myself, by midnight—to-night, if you are not summoned to the chateau by your brother (and that I warn you is only too unlikely), inquire at the Grand hotel for Mr. Roberson Locke. He is an American consul at Lucerne; he will help you."

"He has already helped us. It was Mr. Locke who directed Captain Forbes and myself here to Alterhoffen."

"And will you not include among my services," I drew a card behind me, "the fact that I was so fortunate as to save your life just now, Miss Brett?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



It Was an Unequal Struggle.

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(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## TEMPERANCE DEPARTMENT

CONDUCTED BY W. C. T. U.

EDITORIAL COMMITTEE  
MISS FRIEDA DRESSER, MRS. U. WAY.

I. O. G. T.

Hurray for Good Temples! Who said we were lost? Good Temples are doing big business now. Meet every Friday night at 8 o'clock in Labor Union Hall No. 1. Are initiating new members and are expecting first class workers have taken hold of the work, who yet have to learn the meaning of the word fall. Come along all old members, and bring your friend. We need you, and you need us. This is a good cause. There is nothing better and nothing needed more than this in the city of Ogden. Come joining with us in our work.

"From drink, with its ruin, its sorrow, and sin, I surely am safe, if I never begin."

## NEWSPAPER INFLUENCE.

The influence for good or bad of a daily paper is something hard to overstate. This is especially true of the editorial page.

The world still contains a large percentage of people who think that a man who is confident, well enough, or is bright enough to be editor of a paper must necessarily have an infallible judgment. For this reason the moral responsibility of the editor is greater than that of any other public man of whom we can think.

Carleton in his magazine says that the power of the press is so well recognized that the angels of heaven and the devil are continually striving to gain control of the editorial page.

It is probable that almost any editor could testify to the truth of this.

Just now when so many legislatures are meeting all over the United States, the devil in the shape of the liquor traffic is trying to gain control of all the editorial pages that he can.

To many editors he is showing the political kingdoms of the city and is saying, "See, I will make these ruler over all these if you will how down and worship me."

Blessed is that editor who is brave enough to say, "Get thee behind me!" Yes, read all the editorials for and against prohibition, but weigh, sift, reason and judge for yourself.

## ALWAYS HAS BEEN.

The most unreasonable argument that is ever advanced in behalf of regulating the vices of Electric alley and gambling instead of prohibiting them, is the old one that these are very old problems and vexed the first moralists.

Shall we then continue to meet these problems in identically the same way that the first moralists met them, that is by shaking our heads and saying, "It is too bad that certain classes of people will indulge in these evils, but, since they do, we might as well take our share of the money?"

Does a well enforced law prohibiting murder keep down the crime? Is that a system of fines would do? That is the question.

It is probable that the first city fathers and the first editors who faced these problems assumed the same attitude that is being assumed in Ogden today. That is because they were men of the old school, and not talking about the problem being a hopeless one by any means.

And there are cities, both east and west of us, that have successfully met and routed these two evils.

There is a growing resentment against property and life on a large scale," exclaims the London Graphic indignantly after a review of the violent conduct of the Hindus in trying to shake off the yoke of British vassalage and plunder. "Outrages against property and life on a large scale."

Suddenly the organ of the most outrageous outrages of Hindu property and life becomes sanctimonious. The Graphic does not seem to be acquainted with Burke's speech in the impeachment proceedings against Warren Hastings and the whole East India company.

—Weekly People.

With the growth of the factory system and the extensive use in manufacture of many materials, more or less injurious, the subject of industrial accidents and industrial diseases is everywhere assuming more and more importance. Great differences are found in the conditions under which work of the same character is performed in different establishments.

Conditions dangerous or injurious to health exist in some establishments, while they are entirely avoided in others. Certain occupations which have been regarded as more or less dangerous have been shown by experience to be safe when the proper precautions are taken."

Dr. Kober in his article has endeavored to point out the relations of certain trades or occupations to the health of the workers, the sources of dangers in various trades, and the means of minimizing or entirely avoiding them. The various classes of occupations discussed are: Indoor occupations, occupations involving exposure to irritating dust, under which are included metallic and mineral dust, vegetable dust and animal dust; occupations involving exposure to infectious matter in dust, such as rag and paper, wool and hair industries; occupations involving exposure to poisonous dust, particularly lead dust and arsenical dust; occupations involving exposure to irritating gases or vapors; occupations involving exposure to extremes of heat, sudden changes, and abnormal atmospheric pressure, constrained attitudes, over-exercise of various parts of the body, exposure to machinery, etc.; coal mining and railway services; occupations involving the inhalation of organic gases and vapors; the employment of women and children.

Bulletin No. 75 of the Bureau of Labor of the Department of Commerce and Labor, embodying Dr. Kober's entire article on the foregoing

prohibition, and the brewers and saloon-keepers think they would be better satisfied with local option. How we do advance, indeed!

Well, the people who have always lived in Utah, as well as those who have chosen the state for their permanent home, are entitled to have nothing too good for Utah. Let us not be satisfied with any half way measures. Make Utah the first state in the union to have both woman suffrage and prohibition.

It would bring not only prosperity, but fame as well to the state.

To ENRICH THE TREASURY.

To be very frank and take the public right into our confidence, the W. C. T. U. has not very much money in its strong box, that is, not as much as it needs, to do effective work in Ogden for the cause of temperance.

So we have secured the services of two of our citizens, Rev. N. S. Elderkin and Mr. Don Maguire, to deliver a lecture each, complimentary to the W. C. T. U. of Ogden.

Both these lectures have been delivered before at a men's club in Ogden and the men of the club said that they were positively the best and most entertaining travel lectures they had ever heard. So enthusiastic course they took that they decided to have the members of the W. C. T. U. who were seized with the idea that they would like to hear the lectures themselves, and later with the thought that money for temperance work was needed and might be gained by means of these lectures.

Both lectures will take place in the Baptist church.

Rev. Elderkin will speak on Friday, Jan. 29, on the subject "Through England, Without a Notebook." Mr. Maguire will speak on Saturday, Jan. 30, on the subject "The Temperance Cause."

Ye generation of vipers, woe unto you, hypocrites! for ye are like unto whited sepulchres, which indeed appear beautiful outward, but are within full of dead men's bones, and of all uncleanness. MATTHEW, 23.

NEW CONSUMPTION CURE

A new "consumption cure" has been discovered in Philadelphia. What each of these "cures" proves is the oneness of the science of the alleged discoverers. It was not "cures" that stamped out the pest, which periodically ran its devastating course in the middle ages. If the pest had to wait for a "cure" for its extinguishment, then it would be reaping its periodical crops to this day. What stamped out the pest was not "cures," but preventive measures, the improved sanitary conditions that allowed no pasture to the pest microbe. The "discoverers" of "cures" for consumption had better quit; learn economics; discover that the scourge of consumption is itself the inevitable consequence of another scourge—capitalism. Then find an antidote for that scourge which compels vast numbers of the population to live and labor excessively in consumption-breeding dark and ill ventilated rooms.

"The next step will be outbreaks against property and life on a large scale," exclaims the London Graphic indignantly after a review of the violent conduct of the Hindus in trying to shake off the yoke of British vassalage and plunder. "Outrages against property and life on a large scale."

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